











THE Family Circle.

THE CARE AND THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Learned and unlearned walked the road through Engineer Bob's strong sense of duty.

The crowd uncovered as they face they were "Oh, how the night is dark!"

Along his path there moved a funeral. A great procession of people and a creature under a canopy of one weary man.

Howly across the field.

And on the slope, down by the wintry wind. Lay a poor coffin, red and bare.

And he who drew it bent beneath his load. With dull and muffled tread.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the men.

"Why do you hearken to the grave?" he said.

"Only a soldier," said the short reply. "Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier," muttering said the man.

"Only a soldier," muttering said the man. More on to follow, such a one goes on. Unlearned to the end.

He bent his head and returned back his cap. The crew of all the men passing slow.

Following the coffin as it went. Howly across the field.

The paces to the general's winding.

Looked on the night, thus followed directly. Full of sorrow, full of grief and care.

All in one company.

Still as they went the crowd grew evermore. Till thousands stood around the fringed area.

Led by that princely heir who, royal train. A crowd of poor but brave.

Howly across the field.

Baby Went to Sleep.

A STRANGLER KID IN BOB'S LIFE-TIME.

Engineer Bob had no intention of adopting the baby, or any other for that matter.

To use his own graphic language, he "had no notions worth speakin' of."

He was considered the best engineer on that part of the road, and besides his regular trips he was called in to make no less a special.

The "main guys," as Bob called the chief dignitaries of the road, never left off safe as long as he was in the office.

He was considered that Bob must take out every fast train if they wanted a smooth, safe run.

Bob took his honors stolidly, only saying sometimes in that grim way of his.

"It's better for me to go than any of you fellers. If you get killed there your wives an' the kids, but if ever I go down nobody'll care."

One day, as the train ran beside the depot of a Texas town, motionless among the crowd on the platform was a poor, thin, forlorn-looking woman, with a baby in her arms.

Bob was one of those who were never crying and that she was getting the worst of it in her battle with the world.

"Anything the matter?" asked a new-comer, moved by curiosity and on the alert for a sensation.

"Nothing much," was the idle reply of a man perched on the outer edge of the platform, swinging a large pair of shears in the space.

"You want to go to the city and get some money. You can hear such as that ever day."

"You bet. The question is full of 'em," exclaimed the woodsman, going about his business with his curiosity satisfied.

The conversation had gone on with the amiable disregard for the feelings of the poor that is sometimes shown by the charitable people.

Suddenly the woman broke into a helpless way, fresh tears running down her cheeks.

"Bob, O, if I could only go there, perhaps I could get some for my little one. I have tried and tried. They won't even let me cook for them unless I can give references and dispose of the baby, but when I say I don't want to go to the city and get some money. You can hear such as that ever day."

"The same old cry," he said. Anybody that wants work can get it in this country.

Into the little circle that fell after this speech came a clear voice, saying with some emphasis.

"Here's my pile!"

And looking up they saw the engineer in the cab just above them, leaning down into the pockets of his gray overalls, and bringing out what silver they contained.

The next minute he had climbed down, and the astonished and half-dismayed woman by the arm and was leading her down the platform and into the waiting car.

When he had placed her in the seat, and poured his money into her lap, his courage suddenly deserted him, and it was with a quiver, almost a sob, that he touched his cap, stammering.

"Good-even, ma'am. There you'll have a pleasant journey. We'll be glad to see you when you get home."

"And so the tides were then apart, and they met no more.

"As time like this were not so rare that Bob had an idea in his mind of a remembrance. Indeed, he had forgotten all about this event when, about three years later, a portly woman, wearing a blue dress and bedragged plumes and clad in a cheap green dress, walked suddenly up to Bob as the train was about to start, leading by the hand a tiny bit of a girl with long, fair hair.

"With you Engineer Bob?" asked the new-comer. "Because if so, I've brought you this child, as was left for me by the mother when she died for my house eight years ago. This was her last and only treasure."

"I would have the child on accounts of your givin' her money to come here with a matter of three years ago, and the mighty glad I was, that you should young 'n' you, for I've got a lot of me, and that's none to keep one woman a-breadin'!"

And having delivered this extraordinary speech, as he once took himself off.

"I'm sorry to say that Engineer Bob still and started down at the last will and testament."

As disconcerted and speechless as though some monstrous fiend had barged into his life enough; and yet the lighter than never was on one of his feet was shuffling upon his life and unfeeling."

One morning she sat beside him in the cab, when one of the "main guys" passed. Bob's heart gave one of those leaps and bounds and then stood still.

Now would come his discharge. No railroad superintendent that ever lived would stand that. But the awful disaster after a comprehensive glance in Bob's direction, turned his head and looked the other way with evident intention not to see anything that Bob understood and was overwhelmed with gratitude.

Forbid not all of the "gang" know all about Bob's intentions? And had not the "main guy" heard?

As for Bob, his life was changed, and the haunts that once knew him were now altered. He would never walk about town could be got into saloons or gambling dens with that little figure beside him? Like the angel of the old storeroom, he would be about him and keep him from harm. Bob, the most profane of railroad men, could utter no oaths now, because the Baby would hear, and the one or two that made use of language more forcible than elegant in the presence of the Baby found themselves in serious trouble.

The little white soul had been given over to Bob's keeping, and it made an atmosphere of purity around it. Engineer Bob believed that he was a different man.

A very few weeks had passed when Bob, going to the mail car one night, was in a hurry to get to the little inclined to wander in what she said. Like one distracted, he rushed to his room and her and sent for a side her all night and gave medicines, but the next morning she was no longer.

Somebody else took out Bob's train; he either knew or cared who. Wholly forgetting all the rest of the world, he hurriedly absorbed in the child. He was more to him than his life itself, he there and watched her while her own faint little life slowly ebbed away.

And then, one day, he heard another, and bent over Baby and pressed Bob's hand, telling him to cheer up, and went away wiping their eyes.

The woman was heard to say, and the pretty, tangled hair and chiding her little hands as tenderly as a woman.

"I don't know any more," said the man, and he was not good at consolation.

But suddenly, at last, Baby slumped down. "You're dead," said the man.

"Now I'm your downer sleep," Tom said to the man.

"O, yes, Baby, I'm here," cried Bob, falling on his knees beside the bed.

"I'd rather say you're not," said the man.

"If you said before I was—"

"If you say your prayer, Bob—"

"O, take mine, too, Lord; take mine, too—the helpless cry rung from the strong heart of Engineer Bob.

And then, one night, had come, and the evening prayer was said, the Baby went to sleep.

A little while old woman stepped down from the cars a month later and into the arms of a strong, grave man.

"Bob," she cried tremulously, with her arms about his neck. "Just to see you again, after eighteen years!" And you really sent for your poor old mother after all!

"Mother," said Engineer Bob, with a quivering voice, "I've got a home ready for you, an'—if you can forgive my past—I'll see you a good year or so."

And under the shadows of lonely trees in the cemetery the little one lay with the corpse beside her, her bearing no other name than "The Baby," and the simple inscription below: "A Little Child (Shall) Live Herein." [JULIA FARRER, Historian, Philadelphia, Pa.]

Where Tom Found His Manner.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a cozy house on the city. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father had, and he was very happy to have them.

He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very fat, and was cross to the servants. One day, when he was in the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. Tom looked at him for a moment, and then he saw that the boy had a ball full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, frowning at the boy. "I don't want to see you here."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "I'm very thirsty, and I can't spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will call the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I'll make it up to you some blackberries," said Tom to himself.

He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were many blackberries.

Tom saw some large cows grazing.

ing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. His legs were very strong, and he was very quick.

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